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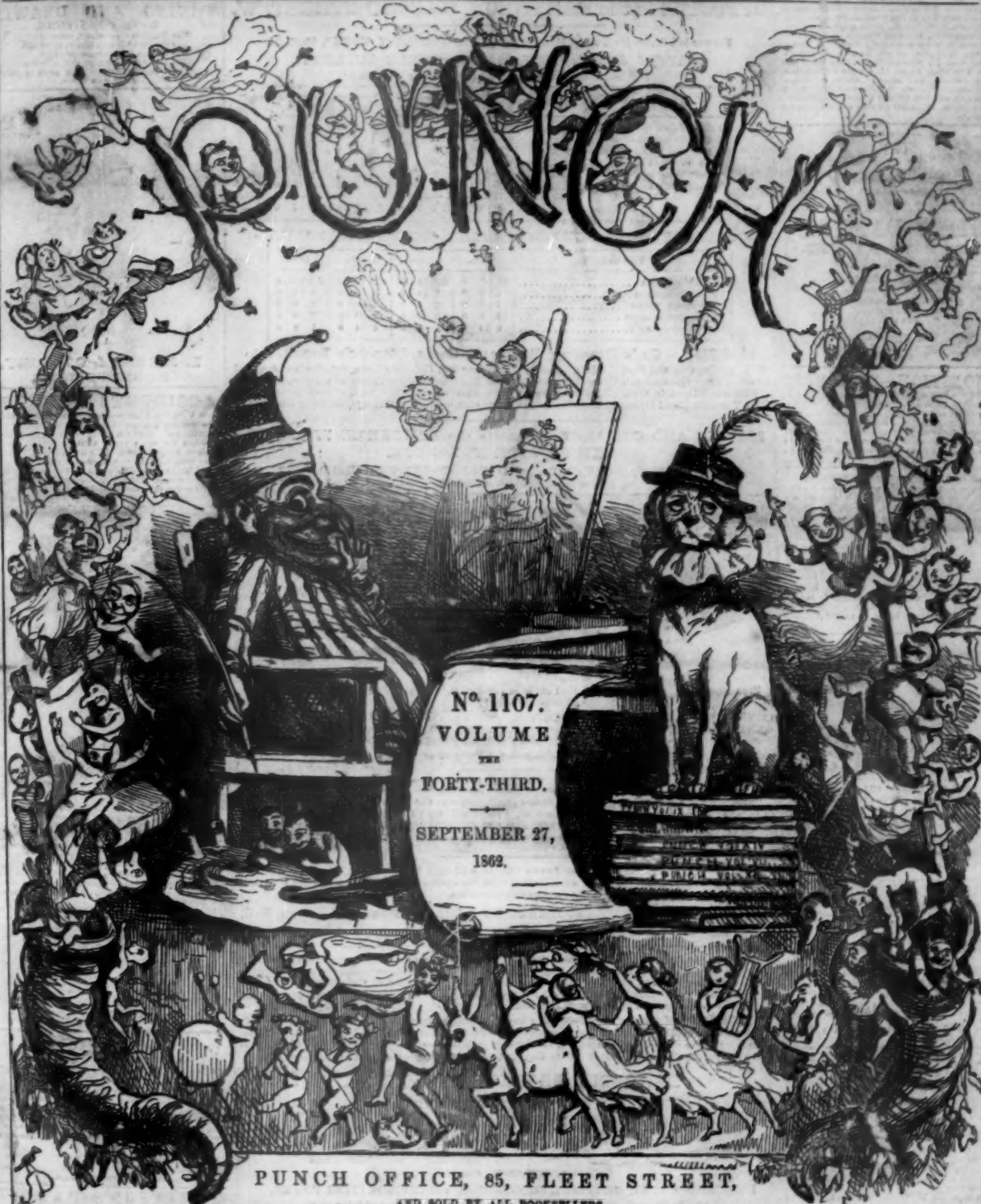
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INEBRIATED VOLUNTEER (indignantly to what he evidently mistakes for a live member of the "L-d-n S-t-t-h"). "P—posh'tively d'shgrache t' the sherviche—I sh' cert'nly r' portah—shcan'loush conduct—Lord Elcho 'sh fren' o' mine!"

ALARM AT SCARBOROUGH.

SCARBOROUGH has been more than usually lively this season on account of several sharks having recently visited the coast. They produced the greatest commotion in the water, especially amongst the bathers, who became particularly animated at their approach, though it was noticed that but very few evinced a buoyant alacrity to enter upon closer terms of intimacy with their new marine acquaintances. There was a shyness and backwardness rarely displayed at the sea-side, where everybody is so ready to swear "eternal friendship" on the spot, after seeing each other for the first time.

The general feeling seemed to be an extreme coolness, approaching to an unmistakable *emprossment* to get out of their way as much as possible, though in other respects the new visitors had no reason to complain, for if they had been royal personages, they could not have been more stared at, or scrutinised like wild beasts, than they were. It is said that the shortness of their visit was owing to their having accidentally caught a glimpse of several of the lodging-house keepers of the place. They instantly retired, modestly feeling after one glance that it would be utterly impossible for them to get a living amongst the natives, so long as they were exposed to such fierce competition. This discernment does them great credit, proving them to be regular, old, sea-going monsters of the deep.

The practices of these same voracious lodging-house keepers have acquired now such a degree of wide-spread notoriety for the Queen of Watering-Places, that there is a strongly-expressed desire, out of compliment to their taking and toothsome ways, to change the name of the town to SHARKSBOROUGH.

The Hero Above all Heroes.

We believe that BLONDIN is a naturalised American citizen. So, if the affairs of the Disunion are ever submitted to arbitration, they cannot appoint any one better qualified than the Hero of Niagara to hold the balance between the North and the South. By the bye, do you know why BLONDIN left America?—Because he felt that Europe wanted BLONDIN, and that he, also, wanted a new rope.

CURRENT NOTIONS OF BEAUTY.

IN COLONEL TORRENS' *Travels in Kashmir, &c.*, we read that, when they had arrived at a place called Lé, they

"Saw that the faces of the Ladak women were smeared with a sort of black glutinous varnish, not unlike currant jelly, and the writer inclines to believe that it is done, against their inclination, to mitigate the fascination of their charms, in the interests of their susceptible spouses."

We know that in England it is the custom to take currant jelly with venison, so with the like reasoning a Kashmir swell may fancy that currant jelly may also have the effect of improving one's "dear." We dare say that the ladies in England, who smear their faces with "the dew of Sahara," and other abominable washes, do it with a similar benevolent object, and "against their inclination." It's smearedly done "to mitigate the fascination of their charms." It must be laid on with this view, for it certainly does not enhance them. The motive clearly is to prevent their "susceptible spouses" falling too desperately in love with them. By the bye, the process must require constant renewing: for, as the enamel gets hardened, and is liable to chip, and star, and splinter, the Porcelain One would certainly, in one sense, be pointed out in society as "a crack beauty," and the "susceptible spouse" would, consequently, become more fascinated than ever. However, it is the first time we have ever heard of husbands complaining of their wives being too pretty.

The Reverses of the Northerners.

It seems that all the regiments of the French army now include photographers and telegraphs. So, we believe, do the Unionists' regiments, though they do not appear to have done them much good. Certainly the photographers have not yet succeeded in taking the South, and as for the telegraphs, they were completely useless, inasmuch as they never told the truth. The photographic apparatus would have done the work of the latter much more naturally and efficiently, if, for all the telegraphic reports of victories that were dispatched, they had simply forwarded to Washington so many negatives.

FRENCH IMPERIAL ROME.



TUPID M. DE LA GUÉRONNIÈRE, writing in the new Parisian journal, *La France*, makes the very great mistake of stating that the unity of Italy is impossible, because:—

"It would introduce serious perturbation in European order and the national power of France, who would be compelled to demand compensation from Italy and to change established territorial limits, in order to guarantee herself against several powerful neighbours."

In these words M. DE LA GUÉRONNIÈRE has either uttered a mischievous fiction, or he has, as indiscreetly as fortunately, let the cat out of the bag. Whichever of these things he has done, he has committed an enormous blunder. The pen of this gentleman is supposed to express the mind of the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH. If it does, it has been the instrument of betraying her husband's secrets, in revealing the treachery which she is trying to get him to commit. We, of course, suppose that it expresses nothing but the impertinent conceptions of M. DE LA GUÉRONNIÈRE.

The name of the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH is taken too much in vain. The following inconsiderate statement about that illustrious lady appeared the other day in the *Tablet*:—

"When the MARCHESSE PELOLI made his visit to the Imperial Court the other day on his bootless errand, he found himself in conversation with Her Majesty the EMPRESS EUGÉNIE, who said, 'I do not understand or like the policy of your Court, M. le Marquis.—I prefer GARIBALDI's policy to yours, for he names his object and makes straight at it. Then, his cry is ours too. "Roma e morte" is our cry as well as GARIBALDI's.'"

"The Marchese was uncomfortable. The conversation was taking a turn that was anything but pleasant to him, and as gracefully and quietly as possible he edged himself away, but not before the EMPRESS had repeated her imperial motto—"Roma or death, Marquis. That is our cry as well as GARIBALDI's."

The *Tablet* is lucky in not being a French newspaper. What would NAPOLEON have said to the *Monde* if it had made the mistake of publishing the above-quoted story? "Rome or death, Marquis!" What a speech to put into the mouth of EUGÉNIE after the attempt of ORSINI! Of course the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH never said anything so foolish. Her Imperial Majesty is much more likely to have exclaimed "Crinoline or Cremation!" in answer to some remonstrance against absolutism in that petticoat government which occupies her whole attention, and affords her ruling abilities such ample scope.

DISRAELI'S DEXTERITY.

IN the after-dinner address, delivered the other day by MR. DISRAELI to the squires and farmers at Buckingham, occurs the ensuing remark:—

"The tenant farmer does not think it an indignity to gain the silver cup for the best crop of roots; and I do not understand on what principle the labouring class is supposed to be insensible to that spirit of emulation which is the origin and foundation of everything that is excellent in man."

Whatever may be thought of the practice of allotting agricultural labourers petty rewards for long and faithful services, a slight objection may be taken against the foregoing apology for it. Is the spirit of emulation really the origin and foundation of everything that is excellent in man? Does not something of human excellence arise from the love of good? Is there not such a feeling as the sense of duty which constitutes the foundation of some of those things which are excellent in man? Has MR. DISRAELI no idea of it?

In the above-quoted specimen of the eloquence of the Conservative Leader of the House of Commons, we may however notice, with due praise, the dexterity with which an anticlimax is avoided. "The tenant farmer," observes the Member for Bucks, "does not think it an indignity to gain the silver cup; and," he continues, "I do not see on what principle the labouring class is insensible to that spirit of emulation which is the foundation of all that is excellent in man." A speaker less practised in the oratory of humbug would, with a fatal simplicity, have naturally said, "I do not see on what principle the labouring class is insensible to the value of a pair of corduroy breeches."

CURIOUS CAB-COINCIDENCE.

MAY difference of opinion never alter friendship. This novel sentiment is extracted from *Mr. Punch* by his observing in the same newspaper, first, that the Cabmen have held a meeting at which they have agreed that the Badge shall be done away; and secondly, that SIR RICHARD MAYNE has issued an order notifying that the wearing the Badge conspicuously on the breast is too much neglected, and that the police are to pull up any driver not displaying that ornament. Perhaps the belligerents will come to some compromise. Couldn't the cabman be relieved from wearing his number on his breast, and have it worked, very large, on his back instead, where he could not very well see it? Any reasonable concession should always be made; but this, we think, is as far as the public would willingly see SIR RICHARD go.

A RAMPANT IDOLATER.

AN old maniac at Turin, the other day, in the midst of a religious festival, astonished the multitude by rushing upon a statue of the Virgin and Child with a hatchet and hacking and hewing it to pieces. Of course he was instantly cut down by a faithful dragoon, but, having luckily not been killed, turned out to be not a Protestant iconoclast, but a Roman Catholic simpleton who had gone mad. This unhappy fool had been for a long time praying to the idol above-mentioned for a *terno secco*, or three lucky lottery-numbers, and at last got them, on a scrap of paper, said to have been affixed to the drapery of the shrine at the feet of the image. The *terno secco* turned out a blank, every number, instead of a prize; whereupon the infuriated fanatic, going quite frantic, vowed vengeance against his deceitful fetish, attacked and tried to demolish it in the manner above described.

This story will really be a good case for the *Spiritual Magazine*. How did the delusive lottery-number get to be stuck on the image? BARON GULDENSTÜBBÉ—no relation of *Baron Munchausen*—is asserted to have obtained written answers to questions on pieces of paper placed on the statues of deceased persons. Very likely he did, if any wag of his acquaintance happened to be aware of his necromantic practices. The allocation of the lottery-numbers may as easily be accounted for on the same supposition. Otherwise the lie which some hand unseen had affixed to the Madonna's curtain must be considered to rest between the priests and a tricky spirit—too probably distinguished by horns and tail.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

IT was thought that at length there was a change in the American telegrams, and that we were going to hear of a Federal success. The wire brought the following words:—

"General McClellan has taken —"

Then came a hitch, but the spirits of the friends of the North went up, and the *Morning Star* began a beautiful article of triumph. At last the wire got right again, and added—

"The Field!"

Whereat the *Morning Star* put its beautiful article into its pocket until further notice. However, things might have been much worse, for though we did not expect the gallant (and ill-used) McCLELLAN to take Richmond, he might have taken some more of his favourite homeopathic medicines.

THE BULL-FIGHT AT BAYONNE.

MR. PUNCH, happening to be at Bayonne the other day, took the opportunity then afforded him of witnessing a bull-fight, which came off in the presence of the EMPEROR and EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH. If he had known that he was going to see a cruel and filthy exhibition, he would still have gone, not for amusement, but for instruction, as he goes into the slums, to study human nature, and as surgeons walk the hospitals and cultivate morbid anatomy. But Mr. Punch, superior to prejudice, considered that the common English notion of a bull-fight must be quite a mistake, or that spectacle would never receive the countenance of the representatives of a people which esteems itself to be at the head of civilisation.

The bull-fights at Bayonne take place in a circus similar to that in which the British Public contemplates performances of horsemanship, gymnastics, and buffoonery. The shady side of the amphitheatre is the fashionable one—in the torrid season. Thereon stood the Imperial box fitted up with crimson velvet and gold; thereon also, of course, sat Mr. Punch, who wanted to have a near view of their Imperial Majesties and not to be broiled.

The performance commenced with the entrance of the *Toréadors*, or whole company of the establishment, horse and foot, who advanced across the ring; and then knelt to the EMPRESS, or saluted her. *Accompagnés Imperialis, morituri le salutant* certainly was rather more than their salutation meant; still, inasmuch as the Spanish bull-fighter runs some risk of the fate of the Roman gladiator (fourteen *Toréadors* have been killed during the present season), El-Tato gets £300 for his day's work, and CALDERON, the principal *Picador*, £200. Our *Toréadors* were all of them prettily attired in gold-laced velvet, like so many ballet-dancers, save that the *Picadors*, or equestrian spear-men, wore iron boots cased with wash-leather, which gave their lower extremities the look of being affected with dropsy or elephantiasis. Their feet were, in addition, protected by large iron stirrups. The rest had on pink silk stockings and shiny pumps.

Her Imperial Majesty tossed a key to one of these male *corpséés*, which it picked up and danced off with. A few moments elapsed, and enter the bull. He was two-and-a-half years old, had been bred on purpose for fighting, and was quite wild. As he entered, a *Picador* stuck a dart into the nape of his neck. The weapon was tastefully decorated with a white satin rosette, intended to make the bull smart and also look pretty, as he kicked and plunged. He was then gently excited by the *Banderilleros*, flourishing their scarfs in his face; they, when the bull made at them with his horns, effecting their escape by vaulting over the inclosure of the arena with elegant agility.

The task of tickling up the bull a little more seriously was now undertaken by two *Picadors* who alternately attracted his attention, and each of whom, when the bull rushed on him, turned him from his horse with the point of his spear, inflicting several severe wounds on his head and shoulders, which the bull took in very ill part, roaring, snorting, and stamping furiously, to the delight of the beholders. One unlucky *Picador*, however, had the misfortune to incur their indignation by not at once shortening his lance so as to allow his horse to be gored. They yelled, screamed, whooped, and shouted "Coward!" "Villain!" "Scoundrel!" blew catcalls and tin trumpets, and made all manner of noise expressive of frantic displeasure. So the *Picador* complied with their demand; shortened his weapon to three feet, and with his steed, was consequently rolled over by the bull. The rider was uninjured; the horse rose with blood spouting from his chest and side; fit for nothing but dogs' meat. This was enough for one bout. A trumpet sounded, and in tripped the *Banderilleros*. They confronted the now infuriated bull with great spirit, dancing about him very prettily, whilst they stuck into his body as into a fancy pincushion, some eight or nine barbed darts, ornamented with coloured papers so as to resemble large *bombons*. The tortured beast tried to rid himself of these truly piquant decorations in vain, and pursued the *Toréadors*, that is to say, the whole lot of miscreants who were engaged in tormenting him. Competent authority deeming that he had now been tortured enough, and had better be put out of his misery, the trumpet again sounded, and in came El-Tato the chief, and popular *Matador*, to perform that act of mercy. This artist, a well-made, handsome man, with calves that a London footman would envy, was dressed in a purple jacket braided with gold, and breeches which were mauve behind and gold-laced before. He was armed with a sword, and carried a red flag called a *Muleta*. He attacked the bull bareheaded; his black hair gathered up in a knot behind, like that of a female. He also danced before the bull, and dodged him with extreme activity; on one occasion, when the bull stopped short, taking the opportunity to strike an attitude, and stand with a coquettish tenure of his scarf in relation to the bull. This pose drew down thunders of applause, which were repeated when he sat down on the ledge of the arena facing the bull, and kissed his hand to him. After some further capering, he proceeded to business, and made an unsuccessful blow at the bull; but his second thrust was a home one. He stuck his victim over the left shoulder apparently through the heart. The animal fell dead. Three horses decorated with flags, and harnessed to a long bar, were then galloped

in, and the bleeding, quivering carcass, attached by its head to the bar was dragged twice round the arena, and then out. EL-TATO, with his blood-bedraggled flag and blood-stained sword, then knelt to their Imperial Majesties, and the spectators shouted their applause. So ended the First Part of this pretty entertainment, of which the witnesses in great measure consisted of the most fashionably attired ladies, in addition to the Authoress of Crinoline. One of them threw her fan into the ring as a testimonial of her approbation of EL-TATO.

The Second Part was a repetition of the first, with additional atrocities. To enhance the gratification afforded by the spectacle, the mangled horses were again ridden in, until one of them fell from mere wounds, and was then kicked off. The second *Espeada* who came to kill the bull after the torture inflicted by the *Banderilleros*, was a muff. He made five or six ineffectual stabs, inflicting a wound each time, until the poor beast streamed with blood. Loud cries were raised for EL-TATO to give the *Cachete* or *coup de grâce*; but professional etiquette prevented him from obeying them. At last the bull, exhausted by bleeding, fell, and, yells of disapprobation greeting the clumsy slaughter, one of the *Toréadors* thrust a short dagger into his *medulla oblongata*, and killed him.

Part the Third differed from the others only in the circumstance that one of the *Picadors*, more miserably mounted than the rest, walked his horse, a poor white beast, which seemed resigned to its fate, deliberately up to the bull to be gored. Streaming with blood from its lacerated chest and side, this horse was led in front of the Imperial box, and could scarcely stagger from the arena.

During Part Two, EL-TATO cut a caper too much. His foot slipped—as well it might—and he was within an ace of being gored. Other *Toréadors*, however, diverted the bull's attention, and debared the ingress of daylight into EL-TATO's interior. Another less satisfactory bull would not show fight, and the spectators howled and shouted *Otro toro!* mad as demons.

Mr. Punch went away at the end of Part Three. He had seen as much as he could stand. The results of the day's sport were, he understands, six mangled bulls and seven gored horses; but no injury to any human brute.

If anybody wants to see a bull killed, Mr. Punch recommends him to go to a regular slaughter-house, where he will at any rate witness the slaughter of an ox, if the butcher does not happen to deal in bull-beef. The stalwart exercise of the poll-axe, and the happy despatch of the victim will please him more than the stiletto practice of embroidered dancing-men. As to the horses, whose death and torture are as essential as the bull's, they are by no means the fiery steeds they have been represented. There would be no harm in simply killing them, if they were only taken to the knacker's at once.

Justice requires Mr. Punch to observe that the beastly spectacle which he has above described did not appear to be much relished by the purely French part of the spectators. It was the Spanish, and the mongrel Spaniards, chiefly, who howled like fiends and gloated on the torment and the blood. So their ancestors revelled in the spectacle of heretics burning alive in their robes of mockery painted with devils and flames. Their descendants cannot carry their faith to the extent of an *auto-da-fé*, they can only show forth its fruits in the zest with which they gaze on the pangs of quadrupeds inflicted by bedizened effeminate varlets, who stand a good chance of being slain themselves. They are what their priests have made them.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN TWO POPES.

THERE is an American POPE, and a Roman POPE. The one is always retreating, and the other, persuade one ever so charmingly, cannot be made to see the advantages of a foreign retreat. Now, if these two Popes could only be induced to change places, how invaluable they would be! What the Americans particularly want is a Pope that won't retreat, and what the Romans are above all things anxious for, is a Pope that will run away. Each Pope would then be exactly the Right Pope in the Right Place.

One POPE decamps with loss of bag—
A precious prize for Southern scoffers!
Another POPE delights to lag,
And spurns the sack which friendship offers.

"Carte Blanche."

Le menu du jour at the celebrated Tantalus' feast that was given to SANCHO PANZA in the island of Barataria, and at which all the courses and dishes consisted simply of "Removes," was contained in one comprehensive line, viz.—"*Sit pro ratione voluntas*"—which, translated into homely English, means—"You must take the will for the *ratios*."

A COSTUME "THAT IS MORE HONOURED (NOW) IN THE BEECH THAN IN THE OBSERVANCE."—The Quaker costume.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—SEPTEMBER 27, 1862.



A BULL-FIGHT AT BAYONNE, WITH A LITTLE OF THE TINSEL OFF.

[Dedicated, with every feeling of Disgust, to the Nobility, Gentry, and Clergy especially, of Spain and France.]



THE OVERDUE BILL.

MR. SOUTH TO MR. NORTH. "YOUR 'NINETY DAYS' PROMISSORY NOTE ISN'T TAKEN UP YET, SIRREE!"

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OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

WHEN OVID SANG—

"Intacta fueratis avos solatia ruris,"

he may have been a sincere admirer of Nature's charms, but was certainly no sportsman. It is in quite another sense that winged creation becomes a solace to the Cockneys who can manage to get away from desks and counting-house at this season of the year. Nor is that the only source of pleasure open to him. Many coves who have no eye for a covey—many gentlemen who decline to carry a gun, have no objection to handling a rod—and for those who prefer to let others provide their trout and partridges are there not bathing machines at Brighton, Dawlish, Ryde, Llandudno, and a host of other "acres by the sea?"

But the unhappy Londoner who can't leave town—a miserable wretch who passes under Temple Bar like the captive beneath his yoke every morning at 10 A.M.—what is his "solatium?"

The pleasures of Cremona are brief and hollow. If you dined at Greenwich every day (I address those whose income is under ten thousand a year) you would soon have nothing left to pay for breakfasts. You know the *America Cousin* by heart, and the Clubs are empty and cheerless. One comfort alone remains—

YOU WILL FIND ROOM AT THE EXHIBITION ON SATURDAYS.

I speak from experience, having just come back from Arcadia—a sheep, shepherdesses, Pan, and piping with infinite regret, and this is really the only fact which has at all reconciled me to my return.

What a difference a few weeks will make in many matters—the growth of one's moustache for instance,—the length of MR. BUTCHER'S bill, the warmth of CHLOE'S letters. A month ago one scarce had elbow room in Kensington, but now on "half-crown" days the World's Fair seems half deserted. An air of listless languor pervades the place. Where is the bustling crowd that once assembled in the Eastern Dome? MIXER'S great fountain—once the rendezvous of countless swells—now drips lazily down before a few idlers. Our patron-saint George at the top there, as depressed in his spirits as he is elevated in position, having been appearing his dragon for four months, feels in his turn a little bored himself.

SIR JAMSETJEE JEEJEEHOY, sitting with hands folded on his easy chair, looks down on us in dignified repose, and calmly awaits the closing day.

I have two official catalogues with me, which I carry resolutely about under my arm, just because I have done so on previous occasions, and because every one does so—not because I ever found them of the slightest use. I want to see the *Reading Girl*, the "Skull of Confucius," the antediluvian, exhumed and immortal Frog, and I can get no information concerning those objects of interest. I wander carelessly through the building in the hope that something may turn up to look at, and come upon a sort of ogre in effigy, suggesting a partial metamorphosis of MR. PAUL BEDFORD into a young light-house. It is a French diving dress for which a medal was awarded to M. GABRIOL of Paris. With heavy leaden boot-soles and a huge lump of the same material hanging round his neck, the wonder is, not that the gentleman who wears this costume can reach the bottom of the ocean, but that he can ever rise to its surface again.

In Peru there is a large diagram representing a series of portraits of the Incas, as for instance, YAHVARIYACAC YNGA THE SEVENTH and VIRACOCCHA YNGA THE EIGHTH, which have evidently escaped the notice of MR. TOM TAYLOR and other Art-critics. In the features of these illustrious swells one is struck by an extraordinary family likeness, which is all the more notable from their general and striking resemblance to court cards.

If the dried beef from Monte Video were a *meat* subject for description, one might enlarge upon its merits; but in its present condition it has such a dry geological appearance that the *juice* is in it, if it won't improve by boiling.

What is this singular-looking hut, which seems as if it had been built of Brobdingnag reels of cotton and roofed like a Swiss cottage? It is a larch timber trophy from the river Petchora, which rises in—where does the river Petchora rise? I declare I have forgotten, and the only person I could ask is MISS ARROWSMITH BUTLER, a friend of mine who keeps a select seminary at St. John's Wood, where she teaches young ladies ancient and modern history, callisthenics, caligraphy, all European languages, and the rudiments of the Latin tongue; arithmetic and algebra as far as quadratic equations, department and potichomanie, vocal and instrumental music, with the Use of the Globes. Just the thing! Let me see, a cab there and back would cost say, four-and-sixpence, but your typographical messenger is already here waiting for copy and—never mind—let the devil—the printer's devil, take the "proof," and I dare say a generous public will forgive the omission.

Would that I were scientific enough to describe the various machines which I saw. The thrashing machine—invaluable to Papas and pedagoques. The washing-machine which "gets up" your shirt fronts with such rapidity and so well that it will probably be known as the

"Bachelors' bosom friend." Then there is the celebrated chaff-cutter, warranted to protect its owner against the insolence of London cabbies and bargemen on the Thames: the mowing-machine, from which the patentee expects to reap a profit: the portable locomotive which first carries you, and then may be carried itself: the corn-crusher for refractory old gentlemen, and the creaming machine from Denmark, interesting to philanthropists because it enriches the pure milk of human kindness before it degenerates into the "butter" of artificial life, or becomes the cheese in fashionable society.

If the above is not quite an accurate description of the ingenious contrivances aforementioned, I beg leave again to observe that I am not a scientific man, and really in the Machinery Annexe, what with the burr of wheels, the bustling of visitors and the plashing of water, I had but a vague idea of what was going on around me. There are those for whom the great centrifugal pump has more charms than the Majolica fountain, who prefer to look on the fly-wheels and cog-wheels of the engine, rather than the winged angels and floral festoons in MR. MIXER'S work. For my part, I confess that beyond a momentary and wisely suppressed impulse to take a ride round in the gigantic wheel of a sugar-crushing machine, I experienced no attraction in this department, and was glad to forget the smell of oil in the neighbourhood of a scent fountain.

Our old friend, JOHANN MARIA FARINA (who claims in common with some fifty other gentlemen of the same name, the honour of being the original inventor of Eau de Cologne) has a stall here bristling with these well-known bottles which bear his stamp and signature. A fine institution is Eau de Cologne, and nowhere more requisite than in the highly interesting but mephitic town where it is made.

Passing down long lanes of cloth, tweeds, and "trouserings," I presently emerge in front of M. BOURDON'S gigantic sax-horn, some forty-five feet long and twenty-three inches in its greatest diameter. To say that this wind instrument would be instrumental in "winding" any mortal performer, would occur to all who see it. Yet M. BOURDON assures us that this is not the case, and so far from fatiguing the lungs, he believes they would be improved by it. All this of course may be very true; but if I were a musician, I'd see the sax-horn blown first—by some one else, before I played on it. I retrace my steps to the nave, and occupying as much of a bench as two full-sized crinolines will permit, watch country cousins strolling by, and muse upon "Mosses" and his eccentric hat, and other pomps and vanities of this honest world, until the clanging of a horrid bell awakes me from a reverie, and Policeman X. sternly requests that I will leave my seat.

A LABYRINTH OF LANGUAGE.

PEOPLE fond of puzzles may derive some entertainment from a glance at this advertisement:—

A LADY, Residing in a Small Cottage in a pretty village, fifteen miles from town, containing four good rooms, with servant's room, kitchen, two capital cellars, and small garden, and partly furnished, to be TAKEN for four months at 20s. per week.—Address.

It has been said that language was invented to conceal one's thoughts, and certainly this notice is somewhat of an instance of it. Only see in what a labyrinth of words this lady hides what she has doubtless in her mind to say, and how difficult it is for one to find a clue to it. Pray, Ma'am, is it the "small cottage," or the "pretty village," which you say is partly furnished, and contains a capital cellar as well as a small garden, in addition to a kitchen and some half a dozen rooms? A garden in a house is somewhat of a novelty, and invalids who can't go out of doors might find some comfort in it. But far more puzzling than this is the problem as to who or what is to be "taken for four months at 20s. a week." This momentous question we have vainly tried to solve, and we now leave it to our readers to think about as much or as little as they like.

An Exhibition Rhyme.

(Slightly improved from the original.)

WHAT is the truth about FRANCIS CADOGAN,
What was the service he did MONSIEUR V.?
Is the bankrupt Restaurateur only humbugging,
Or did he retain MASTER FRANK with a fee?
On his scutcheon there's just
A smear of rust,
Which he'll promptly scrub from its face—*see trust.*

POLITICAL PRECAUTION.

LORD DERBY has just become a Colonel of Volunteers. LORD PALMERSTON sent his respectful compliments to the Leader of Opposition, and hoped that he intended to stick to the motto, "Defence, not Defence."



KINDLY MEANT.

IRASCIBLE OLD BACHELOR (Fiercely to Lost Child). "Where are your Brutal Parents, eh?"

A LAWYER IN A PUZZLE.

"DEAR PUNCH,

"I AM a Young Barrister. You are popularly supposed to know everything, and I beg to apply to you for information upon a subject which has recently forced itself upon my notice.

"Let me premise that I intend (clients willing) to practise very largely before the Criminal tribunals of our justly beloved country.

"I am therefore interested in asking you to answer the following question, namely:—

"When do the duties of an Advocate to his client end, cease, and determine?"

"By way of explaining myself, I would say that I have recently read, in the newspapers, the reports of certain trials which have ended unfavourably for the accused. Not to put too fine a point upon it, the latter have been sentenced to be removed from this mundane sphere. Previously to this, of course, their counsel exerted themselves to the utmost for the defence, and all arguments having been exhausted, the judge and the jury were left to deal with the cases. I should naturally have supposed that the barrister's work was then complete.

"But it appears that the Fee to Counsel is held to bind him to do a great deal more. Paragraphs (which I am far from saying are likely to injure the learned gentlemen who are their subjects, on the contrary, may tend to procure them other business) have been issued, stating that the Counsel for the defence have attacked the Home Secretary, in the interest of their convicted clients. In one case, indeed, a Barrister whose exertions in this court of appeal were not noticed, actually wrote to the papers respectfully soliciting the attention of the public to the fact that he had been quite as zealous as the other Barrister whose doings had the good fortune to be recorded. The results were not exactly alike, for in one case the person who had been sentenced was let off by the Home Secretary with transportation for the rest of his earthly career, while in the other case, a very large assemblage of witnesses beheld an opposite result.

"Now, Sir, I need hardly remark that I have nothing to say upon

FROGS IN COAL.

To MR. PUNCH.

"SIR,

"I AM quite ashamed of my age—I mean of my country—when I find people refusing to believe that the Frog in the Exhibition got into the Coal about the period of the creation, and jumped out just in time to be ready for the International Show of 1862. The habit of disbelieving statements is most objectionable. But I hope that I shall be able to convince the most incredulous sceptic that such a thing is perfectly possible, by relating a fact which has occurred in my own family, and, I may say, under my own eye.

"The nights have been cold of late, and on Tuesday last I thought it would be pleasant to have a fire. This was accordingly lighted, and my servant, a most respectable female (duly christened, and with an excellent character), brought up the coal-skuttle. It had remained in an out-house during the summer. She placed it in one corner of my room, behind my arm-chair. About an hour afterwards I rose to put on some coals, and I beheld, perched upon a large lump of Wallsend, a remarkably fine Frog. It was alive, and did not seem afraid of me, and, indeed, I fancied that it winked at me as I approached it. If there could be any doubt that this frog had been in one of the coals for six thousand years at least (my servant thinks 'nearer seven'), such doubt would be removed by the creature's fearlessness. It was, of course, in the poet's language, 'so unacquainted with man,' upon whom it had never looked since this orb was called into existence.

"I would have stated this convincing circumstance in addition to the similar evidence which I transmitted to the *Times*, only it had not occurred when I wrote. I hasten to complete the chain of testimony to the Exhibition Frog, and am, Sir,

"Yours obediently,

"Lillieshall Coal Depôts,
"Paddington."

"JOHN SCOTT."

The Last New Knight.

So, learned BOB PHILLIMORE's knighted. All right!
But knights should possess designations:
And SIR BOB shall be known in the tourney, or fight,
As the Knight of the Latin Quotations.

the question of such punishments, or upon the merits of the special cases. But, as a young barrister, I do want to know whether it is considered by the profession that a barrister is bound to do anything more for his client than is to be done in the face of the Court. Because, Sir, if it be so, I flatter myself that I have a good many advantages which will make me highly serviceable to any otherwise unfortunate party who may employ me, and may be convicted.

"I have got money, and therefore I can easily get into Parliament. It must be admitted, Sir, without in the slightest degree impugning the high principle and strict justice of a Minister, that it is not in human nature that the representations of a lawyer who can make a good speech against him, and give a vote against him (which in ticklish times may be critical), should not have more influence than the voice of a nobody. If there is a doubt in the case, I think you will allow, Sir, that the most honest man is more inclined to give it a weight, when it is urged by a valued and powerful friend than when put by somebody one knows and cares nothing about. If I myself had the misfortune to get into a scrape, I should certainly desire my attorney to retain an M.P. who could not only make a speech for me in Court, but in the House of Commons and elsewhere.

"Then, Sir, I have a very persuasive manner and a very sympathetic voice, and if the Minister of the day happened to be an impressionable person (and we have seen such), I flatter myself that I could work upon his feelings of pity or terror in a very remarkable degree. I could draw a most agonising picture of the temptations of my client, and the sorrows of his family, or I could saturate the Minister's mind with the essence of a perpetual night-mare, to sit upon him in case he should not lean to mercy.

"Well, Sir, these and other advantages, to which I need not now more particularly refer, will be at the service of my clients, if I can satisfy myself that it is my business to employ any other influence in their favour than such as is derived from the arguments I should offer in Court. Upon this point I demand your opinion.

"One thing is certain, namely, that the criminal is very lucky who obtains the services of barristers inclined to follow up his case, inas-

much as he gets a new and excellent chance of escape. And another thing is certain, namely, that the criminal is very unlucky, whose attorney does not provide him with such zealous friends, but confides his defence to an old-fashioned lawyer, who believes that when he has done his utmost to get his client's case successfully through the machine of justice, he has earned his fee. But these considerations are beside the mark.

"I do not press for a hasty reply, Sir, as this is the Long Vacation, and you state yourself to be engaged in throwing stones into the sea. But, in due course, perhaps you, or some of your young men, will answer the inquiry which I have done myself the honour to propound, having also the honour to be, dear *Punch*,

"Yours truly,

"Gravesend—I mean Germany,
"September 23rd."

"A. MOOTE POYNT."

A YARN FROM A YACHTSMAN.



EAR PUNCH,

"THANKS to Country Cousins and concomitant inflections, such as dreary family dinners and dull days spent in visiting the Thames Tunnel and the Tower, this Exhibition summer has to residents in London been unusually severe. So I was not much astonished when, a week or two ago, you were kind enough to notice that I rather looked 'washed out.' But see my colour now, Sir! Is there any of the pale of society about it? I have not sat at a dinner-table well nigh for a month, yet see how the mahogany has got into my cheeks. And please observe

my biceps. Would it crack a filbert, think you, with a squeeze of the fore-arm? Yes, there's nothing like a cruise for putting fresh life into one. The only water-cure I've faith in is the salt-water-cure, and the best of way for taking it is certainly a yacht. But then, mind, you must go prepared to rough it, and to bear a ready hand in whatever work's aboard, and not to sprawl about and smoke and serenely play the swell. I have seen men wear gloves and dress for dinner when out yachting, and I have pitied such poor simpletons, and wished them safe on shore. Fellows proud of their white hands, and afraid to soil their fingers by the touch of a tarred rope, had better stick to steamboats when they go to sea, for a yachting trip can bring but very little pleasure to them. Why, half the pleasure of a cruise consists in living free from cramping shoregoing restraints. It is the utter change of life you can enjoy on board a yacht that does your mind and muscle good, and so soon makes a new man of you. Cooking your own meals will give an added relish for them, and if you help to scrub the deck and do the other sailor-work, you won't complain, as some do, that—aw—there's nothing for a fella—aw—to do on board a boat, and you'll find you'll sleep more soundly wrapped up in a blanket with a spare sail for a pillow than you do on your luxurious spring mattress when at home. There are no organs at sea, and no street-cries to worry you, and you are out of reach of creditors, and will not have your breakfast spoiled by seeing in the *Times* that the girl you love has married that beast MONEYBAGG after all, or that the senseless British public has given further proof of its besotted imbecility by refusing to see more than the first scene of your new play.

"I see you frown, my *Punch*, and screw your lips up ominously; but no, I'm not going to spin you a tremendously long yarn, and to weary you and worry you with full details of our cruise. Yours is not a sporting paper, I am very well aware; and if I wished to go the whole hog or none, I should of course more properly make application to *Bell's Life* or *The Field*. The only facts that will much interest you are, that I have cashed the second cheque you sent me, and have been reluctantly compelled to use your name in strengthening the money-from-the-bank-extracting power of my own. My only other acts that you will deem much worth your notice, or the notice of your readers, are that I sailed

across the English Channel four times in a week (a thing which has, I fancy, not been done by many yachtsmen), and that in one of these four trips I assisted in the capture of a Portuguese Man-of-War. As our craft was but a cutter of three-and-twenty tons, and the only gun we carried was a single-barrelled fowling-piece, there may be some ground for wonder as to how this latter exploit was achieved; and when I explain that the capture was effected with a bucket and a boat-hook, I fear the explanation will serve little to diminish the surprise I may have caused. Fact is fact, however, and I have witnesses to prove the truth as I have stated it. Only I should add, before the Government of Portugal seek reparation for the loss they think their navy has sustained, they should ask of some sea-naturalist the meaning of *Physalia*, which I believe to be a synonym for Portuguese Man-of-War.

"Another novel circumstance connected with our cruise was that, having carefully left all our charts at home, the only one we had to steer by was the railway map of *Bradshaw*. By this we shaped our course from Dover to Boulogne, and from Shoreham to Dieppe, and had no more trouble in making both those ports, than has a wine merchant in making with Marsala 'nutty' sherries. As the fine old song might say, but doesn't:—

"Bradshaw was our only Guide,
Across the swelling Channel Sea,
It told us even the time of tide,
And saved us many a pilot's fee."

"Travellers complain of *Bradshaw*, and say it sadly puzzles them; but writing as a yachtsman I am sure that I have every reason to speak well of it, and would say that its directions are remarkably plain-sailing ones. Steering by *Bradshaw* is a novel sort of notion, but, now it has been mentioned, its very novelty will doubtless serve to make it fashionable, and ere long some vocal yachtsman will no doubt be heard asserting that—

"I fear not but safely I'll sail to the shore,
I've a *Bradshaw* to steer by, and what need I more?"

"Being shut up in a prison with the chance of being drowned may possibly to some Johnsonian-minded people not appear a very pleasant way to spend a fortnight's holiday. But we are not all Dr. JOHNSONS, and to such of us as like the sea there are few things more health-giving and enjoyable than yachting. Men to whom the ELLESMERE motto may seem applicable, and who when they go to sea are usually *Sic donec* they put their feet on shore again, of course can't much appreciate the pleasures of a cruise, nor should I much desire to have them for my shipmates. But to those who can enjoy it, a month's cruise in a yacht is a delightful way of travelling; and though you can't well sail through Switzerland, or get up Mont Blanc by water, there are other foreign parts quite worth going by sea to see. There's nothing like a breeze at sea to blow the smoke of London out of one; and, in cruising about water-places full of insect life, a yacht has this advantage, that you take your own bed with you.

"Only wishing, my dear *Punch*, that you would buy a decent yacht that I might annually borrow it, I remain,

"Yours all ataunto (whatever that means),

"NAUTICUS."

HOW TO SEE THE EXHIBITION IN TEN MINUTES.

"MY DEAR PUNCH, &c.

"The Albany.

"I HATE sensations, and I hate most of my fellow creatures, and I hate trouble of all kinds. If there are any other folks who entertain similar feelings, I think they will be as grateful to me—pooh, nobody is grateful—but I think they ought to say I have done them a civil thing in telling them that I have made the discovery announced in the heading to this letter. There is a set of benevolent—at least nobody is benevolent—but there is a set of sensible people who call themselves the Stereoscopic Company. They have taken photographs, capital ones, of all that is worth seeing in Fowkeria, and you can just buy these and a stereoscope, and in a few minutes you know all about the Exhibition, and a good deal more than most people who have tried to see it. Then there's the delicious quiet, and you can look as long as you like at the *Venus* or the *Reading Girl*, without being shoved, and without hearing the various idiots, of all ranks, emitting their noises. You are not irritated by the swell's 'Pon m' word, not half bad,' the artist's 'Ah! Now that colour is not conscientious,' the snob's 'Spicy party that,' or the clown's 'Be that Venice?' And no abominable organs and bands, and no bother about getting away—you lay down your stereoscope and you are again in your arm-chair. You may print this, if you like, in the light of a testimonial, and I don't care whether you do or not.

"Your Subscriber,

"ASTIRABYLON."

THE NEXT RUN THAT IS WANTED.—A Papal Bull's Run, with POPE at the head of it.



"IN THE BAY OF BISCAY, O!"

THE LAST SWEET THINGS IN HATS AND WALKING STICKS AT BIARRITZ.

"NEWS FROM THE STYX."

THE mandate of fashion has gone forth, and as may be read in the *Follet*, and seen at certain French and English watering places, a Lady is henceforth, if she wishes to be considered as completely furnished, to carry a Stick. We see no objection to the arrangement, indeed we suppose that it is a logical necessity consequent upon the increase in crinoline. As it is now impossible for a properly dressed lady to reach a friend with her hand, she is supplied with the means of giving him a poke with a stick when desirous to attract his attention. All we venture to hope is, that the stick is to be blunt at the end, and not armed with a tiny spike, as in the latter case a short-sighted *Lord Dundreary*, with a large circle of lady-acquaintances eager to speak to him might, on returning home to dress, find himself unpleasantly covered with scars and spots. On the whole there is more sense in this new contrivance than is usually to be found in the conceptions of the tyrant-milliner.

"ON A DUCK'S BACK DO I FLY."

A CLEVER London comedian has done an extremely silly thing in going along the cord of M. BLONDIN, on that Canadian duck's back. Ill-natured people say that this is another proof that a very good actor may be a very great goose, but we hate all that sort of talk, and prefer to return the thanks of the press to a gentleman who, at so very small an expense, has helped all the paragraph writers in the kingdom to smart headings for the anecdote. To have caused scores of hard-up wits to speak of an actor trying a new line, of his elevated style, of evenly balanced periods and poles, of the loftier walk of the drama, and to quote "what a fall Fortune does the party owe" is surely an honour cheaply purchased at the price. But things are bungled in England—his manager should have announced for the night before, the last appearance of MR. NODDY before his going upon the BLONDIN rope, and the house would have been crowded with sensationists. We suggest the idea, however, to dramatic speculators in want of a stronger interest than can be got out of mere murder-pieces.

INDIAN BULLETINS.

MR. LAING has delivered a long and able speech upon the blunders of the Home Government of India. Upon inquiring, the following morning, at the residence of SIR CHARLES WOOD, *Punch* found that the right honourable gentleman was quite as well as could be expected, inasmuch as he had been reading the speech for seven hours only, and therefore of course had not as yet been able to understand it.

(A Later Account.)

SIR CHARLES WOOD has arrived at a knowledge of the fatal truth that he is demolished. With characteristic pluck, he has sent out for the volume of the *English Cyclopædia* containing the article "India," and for PINNOCK'S *Catechism of Arithmetic*, with a view to ulterior proceedings.

(Later Still.)

SIR CHARLES WOOD has discovered that an Anna does not mean a young lady, that Pice is not, as he had supposed, the Indian plural of Pie, and that Bangles are not things to eat. He meditates a triumphant answer to MR. LAING. More particulars in our next issue.

A Revolution in Russia.

A REVOLUTION has occurred in Russia where it was least expected. We beg of the reader to peruse attentively the following fact:—

"The *Invalide Russe* mentions a curious piece of economy just effected in its printing office. An e mute in Russian orthography is added to every syllable terminating in a consonant. This useless letter it has been resolved to suppress, and a saving of three per cent in the expense of composition is the result."

This is the revolution we refer to, though fortunately it has been put down at the expense of very little lead, unlike most revolutions in Russia. Doesn't the EMPEROR ALEXANDER devoutly wish that, with no greater sacrifice of ease, he could suppress all e-mutes in Russia?

THE CRY OF THE DAY.—Pull Machine, pull Baker!